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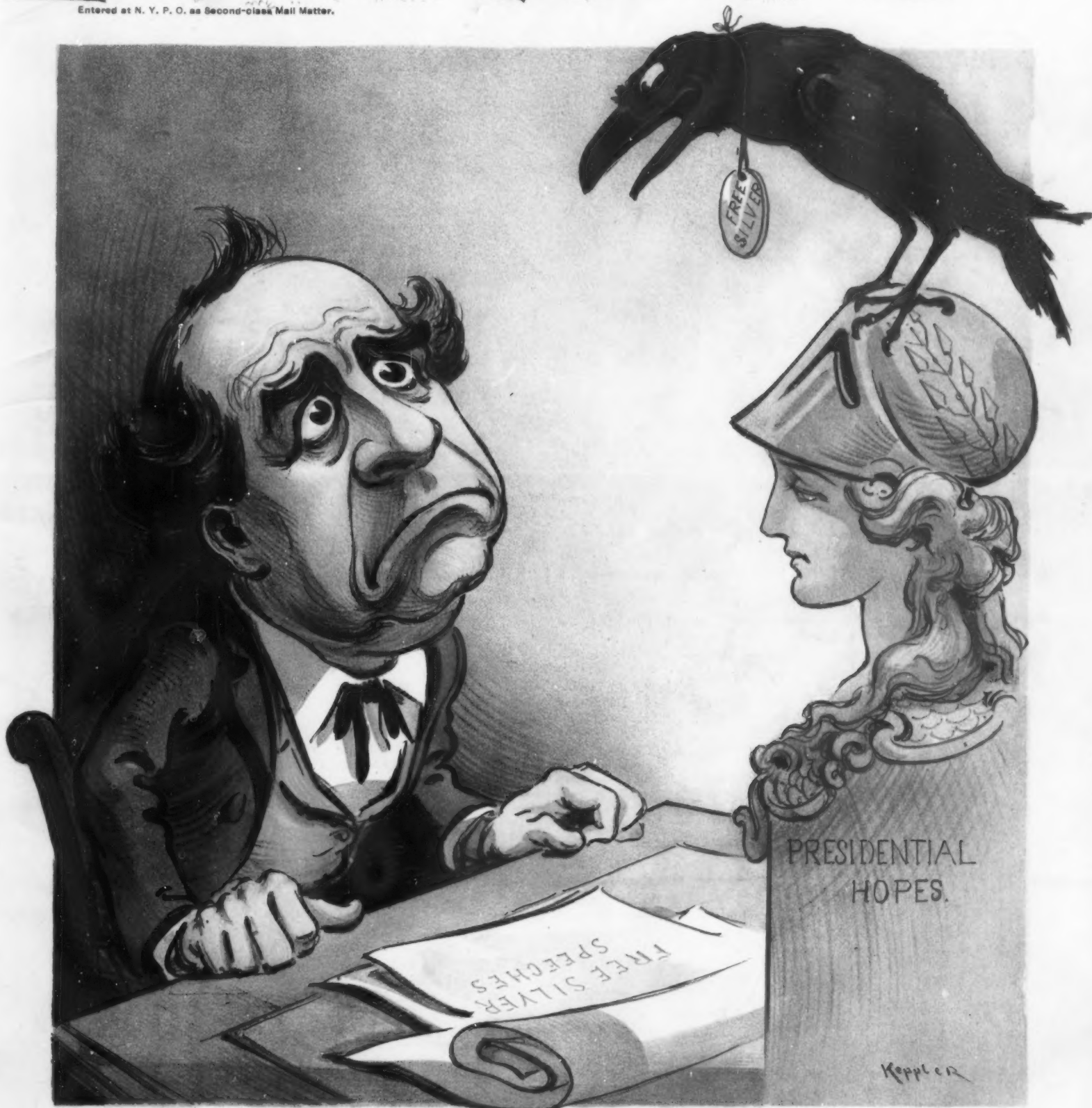
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Puck



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NEVERMORE.

"On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore!—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KETTLER & SCHWARZBAUM ANOTHER VICTIM.

ANGELINE (*tenderly*).—Listen, Claude! Youse are my affinity! I feel it in my very soul!

CLAUDE.—Hully Gee! Wot's an affinity?

ANGELINE (*fervently*).—An affinity, Claude! O Claude! An affinity is a guy wot has got ten cents and is willing ter blow it!

HIS CRUELTY.

"Neighbor Broadhead can be the sarcasticest cuss I ever seen, when he tries," said honest Farmer Stackrider. "Colonel Chinnaway, the chairman of the Demopopucratist state central committee, wrote him a confidential letter askin' for the names of all the farmers in this county who voted for McKinley the last time but would not do so this Fall, and Neighbor Broadhead just turned in and sent him back the names of such agriculturists as have been buried since last election time."

FOR INSTANCE.

FIRST TRAMP.—Well, dey can't shut us out intirely from de benefits of de discoveries an' inventions.

SECOND TRAMP.—Dat's right! Many's de ride we've had on freight trains at de expense of de octopuses.

PROBABLY.

GOODUN.—There are no men like Solomon nowadays.

BADUN.—But is n't that because the marriage laws are different?

AFTER GETTING office by the suffrage of the people a good many of the officeholders stay there by the suffrance of the people.

THEY CONFER.

"Really," said the Pot, "I don't see how we can call each other anything but black."

"Nor do I," replied the Kettle. "Truth is mighty and will prevail; besides which, being in politics, we ought to be able to indulge in mutual recrimination without serious injury to each other's feelings."

And they parted with great cordiality.

HER IDENTITY.

LITTLE ZIMRI (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Paw, what is a Jersey cow? I never saw one, did I?

FARMER HAWBUCK.—No, I guess not, Zimmy. A Jersey cow is any kind of a cow that gits killed by the cars.

"FAIRLY CARRIED HIS AUDIENCE AWAY."

JONES.—So you went over into the Chinwind neighborhood to deliver your gold standard speech! Why, every soul is a rank Populist over there! Those fellows could n't approach your polished paragraphs. Did the audience appear to follow you?

BROWN.—Yes; they all did. As luck would have it, however, I had a good fast horse!

THE CHINESE plum seems to be a little under-ripe or over-ripe—or something.

AN EXCEEDINGLY small man may walk safely over the quagmire of politics where a man at all great would at once sink to the bottom.

WHEN THE Millennium comes we hope there will be no squabbling as to whether it is the *Journal's* millennium or the *World's* millennium.

THE TROUBLE with Presidential lightning is that it strikes only once in four years, and then, in the opinion of many eminent authorities, in the wrong place.

SPEAKING of Platt and Croker, it does n't make the average voter feel any more comfortable to catch the devil and the deep sea winking at each other over his head.



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXVII.

A SENATOR WHO IS A REPUBLICAN AND WANTS EVERYBODY TO KNOW IT.



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A GOOD TIME TO BEGIN.

"You know, my doctor advised me to be very careful what I eat and drink."

"Pshaw! You don't always think of that."

"N-No; but I happened to think of it just now."



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THE DIALECT.

MISS CLEEK. — How does Miss Spindle play golf?
MISS NIBLICK. — Fluently.

A HALLOWE'EN CHARM.



LOVERS! when you seek your fate
And apples all are obstinate;
When candles set apart to burn
Unwelcome answers would return;
When looking-glasses prove a blank,
And cabbage stalks show form nor rank;
When ev'ry charm of Scottish lore
Is vain attempted, o'er and o'er;

Now, prithee, it is time to test
A spell, the oldest and the best:
Select whomever you prefer,
And go and sit with Him or Her
Within a nook; and let it be
Where no one else may hear or see.
The light should be subdued and dim,
And She should be quite close to Him.

Then wait — till softly there is placed
An arm about a slender waist,
And it will be a sign, you know,
To speak an incantation low,
And one must say: "Dear, I love you!"
The other say: "I love you, too!"
And Fate will grant that in a trice
You'll kiss your truly sweetheart thrice!

(This charm is *always* sure — I mean,
It does n't need a Hallowe'en.)

Edwin L. Sabin.

SPEAKING of Lincoln's famous saying, it is not a very adroit administration which can not keep us in the middle of the stream until the chance to swap horses is past.

EVIDENTLY.

"Roberts says that the majority of the burghers still at large are fighting under compulsion."
"Well, that is n't fair! But, say! the minority must be scrappers from away back."

IN TENNESSEE.

"They tell me a marriage is often the beginning of a feud, in Tennessee."
"Yes; I understand that at pretty home weddings down there, 'Johnny, Get Your Gun' is sung instead of 'O Promise Me.'"

HIS CHOICE.

"You're a party man, eh?"
"Well, yes. Of two evils I generally choose the regular ticket."

A COMMON TRAIT.

UNCLE ABNER. — Now, this candidate for Congress, he's sech a magnetic feller —

UNCLE HIRAM (*cynically*). — Yes; an' so is all the bunco men.



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HENCE THESE TEARS.

"Yet? You got shluck two t'ousand tollars? Dot was enough to hurt any vun's feelings!"
"Oh! I don't care noddings about mine feelings; — it's der money!"

A COLD WINTER PROMISED.

(From the Paradise, Ill., Palladium.)



WEATHER observers say that this is to be the coldest Winter on record in Paradise, and we warn our people accordingly. All signs point to extreme and long-continued low temperature. For instance:

Bill Doolittle, who lives up on Four Mile Creek, says that the ducks this Fall are all flying in a letter "C" shape, and that this means Cold, sure.

Widow Watkins, whose clothes-line was stripped by some miscreants last week, says she thinks this is to be the coldest Winter she ever knew.

The breast-bones of the Canada geese are white on the tips this Fall, indicating heavy snow and continued freezing. The editor of the *Palladium* would be glad to verify this tale for himself, and would be willing to pay a six-months' subscription of the paper to find out. Bring on your geese!

Messrs. Keene & Cheatem, our enterprising wood and coal dealers, by much experience are decidedly of the opinion that the Winter is to be extraordinarily severe, and they would advise the citizens to lay in large stocks of fuel, and do it early. Prices have not gone up yet, but they may.

Corn shucks are unusually thick, and at Miller's husking bee the other night Chris Shoemaker husked the skin off both hands, and when at last he found a red ear his girl would n't kiss back. Chris says this was a cold shake, and he looks for a cold, hard Winter.

Luke Luckie, out Coon Hollow way, states that the squirrels are storing up piles of nuts, showing that they expect a long, cold spell. The editor believes Luke, for we had two bushels of hickory nuts and butternuts out in our barn, and two nights ago the squirrels took every single nut.

At least, we suppose it was the squirrels.

In view of these various indications, the editor would respectfully suggest that steps be taken early to mitigate the suffering which will attend the inclement weather. Won't somebody be kind enough to bring to the *Palladium* office a load of wood (second growth of hickory preferred, dry and sawed in three-foot lengths). Please deliver at the basement door, in the rear.

Edwin L. Sabin.



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SURPRISED.

CUSTOMER.—Everybody don't eat frankfurters.

DEALER (a recent arrival).—Nein? Himmel! vot a strange gountry!

some kinds of mushrooms what intoxicate yer.

SECOND TRAMP.—Gee! Dem scientific fellers oughter know lots of ways of gettin' a jag!

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

FIRST TRAMP.—It says here dere 's

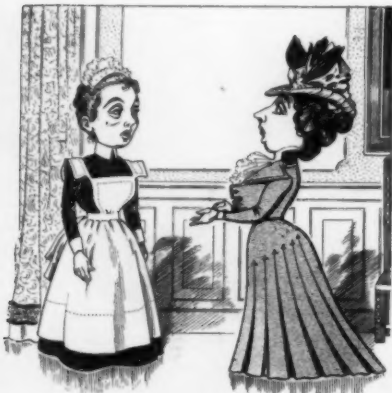
AN APPEAL FOR ADJUSTMENT.

FREDDY.—Papa, Mama promised me a quarter if I would have my tooth pulled.

PAPA.—Well, Freddy, you got it, did n't you?

FREDDY.—No, Papa. I was thinking 'bout the quarter an' did n't make much fuss, an' so she only gimme a dime.

A TOO LITERAL COMPLIANCE.



MISTRESS (to new servant).—Nora, I will be back in about ten minutes. If anyone calls take them into the parlor and tell them to wait.



MISTRESS (returning ten minutes later).—Did anyone call, Nora?
NORA.—Yis, Mum! They be a-waitin' in th' parly as ye tould me.



"A gint as wants t' buy ould bottles an' rags; wan as wants t' buy soap fat; a poor man as is out av wor-ruk; a gint as wants t' mind umbrellys, an' wan as wants t' groind knoives an' scissers."



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HOW IT STARTED.

NEWLYWED CASSIDY.—Would n't ye be thankful if ye had a baby loike thot?

BACHELOR KELLY.—Oi wud, begobs! Oi wud be thankful he was n't twins!

PUCK.



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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

LOVER.—Ah! Would that I had three hearts! I would love you with each.
THE BELOVED.—Well, I don't! Then you would be three times as jealous.

field-glass and began looking around the country. Finally he let his glass rest on the top of a hill which was a long ways from where we were and said: 'Peter Quick, I want you to shoot that Confederate officer you see on the top of that hill.'

"I looked; but the hill was so far away that I could n't see anything, and I told the colonel so. 'Here, take my glass,' said he, and he handed it to me. I took the glass, and after looking along the top of the hill for a minute discovered a man sitting on the back of a horse. I took my rifle and, adjusting the sights, aimed and fired while the colonel watched the man on the horse through his field-glass. 'You did n't hit him,' said the colonel, after watching a minute for the bullet to get there; 'but you came mighty near, for he jumped as if he heard the bullet sing; try another shot.'"

Just at that point the story was interrupted by the entrance of the bartender with more drinks. After they had been disposed of one of the group said: "Go on, Mr. Quick, finish your story; how did it end?" Old Quick reflected a moment and scratched his head; then he asked for a match to light his cigar with and scratched his head again. "Go ahead, Mr. Quick, finish your story!" urged another of the group.

"Well," finally said Quick, "when I laid down those four aces, the old farm was saved and I was a winner, beside, of ten thousand dollars."

Eugene K. Herrick.

MEAN.

RHYMES.—A true poet never stoops to advertise himself.

CYNIC.—I always had a suspicion that we never hear of the true poets.



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DISCOVERED AT LAST.

"You've got an ear-trumpet, I see. That's what I've been telling you to do for the last two years."
"Oh! Is that what you've been telling me for the last two years?"

NOT INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

"There are many mysteries in Nature," said the man who was getting out his Winter garments; "but the moth's constitutional objection to camphor is not one of them."

WOULD BE APPRECIATED.

THE EDITOR.—The prophets were men who knew what was going to happen before it did.

HIS LITTLE SON.—They'd be useful in the newspaper business, would n't they, Papa?

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

"DID I EVER tell you about my experience at the battle of Petersburg during the Civil War?" asked old Peter Quigg. It was a cold night outside and the little group which had met by chance, as it did frequently at George's place, had been sitting in the little room at the end of the bar for an hour or so, telling stories, drinking hot Scotch and trying not to think of the cutting wind and frosty air which they would have to encounter when they started for their homes.

After a lull in the conversation, consequent on the arrival of a tray of drinks, old Peter Quick, who thus far had been listening to the stories of the others and vainly trying to find an opportunity to get the floor, said: "Did I ever tell you about my experience at the battle of Petersburg during the Civil War?" Each one of the party had heard the story a dozen times or more, but as Quick never told it twice alike they all denied having heard it and demanded its recital.

Old man Quick had been a great story-teller in his day, but of late years he had lost his memory to such an extent that his attempts often landed him in trouble. Frequently a lapse of memory came on him in the midst of a story he was telling, causing him to forget what he was talking about and switch off on another tale with an entirely different subject. He was perfectly aware of his little failing, and, to avoid confusion, had decided on two stories which he was able to tell with slight danger of their becoming mixed. After the hot Scotch had been discussed, old Quick began:

"I was a young man then," said he, "and was serving as a private in the ipteenth infantry. The colonel was in the habit of reviewing the regiment every morning, and, if I do say it, the ipteenth was the finest-looking regiment in the camp and the best drilled. Well, this particular morning the colonel had finished reviewing us when he suddenly asked (he had a loud, clear voice, and every man in the regiment could hear him), 'Who is the best rifle-shot in the regiment?'"

"I was very modest then," continued old Quick, "and I kind of kept my eyes down so that I would n't be noticed; but it was no use, for the whole regiment shouted in a voice like thunder, 'Peter Quick!' 'Peter Quick, stand forward,' ordered the colonel. I stepped out a foot or so and the colonel said to me: 'Peter Quick, they say you are the best rifle-shot in the regiment. Now I am going to try you.' He took his



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UP AGAINST IT.

CONDUCTOR (to Mr. Porcupine).—Hey, there! Can't yer move up an' give the lady a seat?

PUCK.

A MAGAZINE RHAPSODY.

WITH slippered feet upon the fender, I
Turn my loved pages in the magazine.
(The Advertising Supplement I mean.)
I sniff the latest perfume ladies buy;
I taste the food for which all infants cry,
Food for fat people, papulum for lean;
Take Pukko snapshots at each Tourist Scene,
And for that "Hundred Dollars weekly" sigh.

Then, venturesome, the horseless carriage try,
Hear the Orgola play and Phonophake;
Buy a whole library — one dollar down;
For that tired feeling Absent Treatment take;
Likewise a bottle of Myneer's old Rye,
A can of Never-Fade — and paint the town!
Ellsworth Kelley.

THEIR SLICKNESS.

"Aw, yes; you-all Nawtherners are mighty slick, and all that!" said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, in the grand old State of Arkansaw, in reply to a slightly supercilious remark made by the half-baked young tourist from New England. "The two slickest of you I ever seen was a couple of Mormon propaganders that landed here last month and were promptly taken out of sight by a committee of prominent citizens and presented with overcoats

of varnish — the supply of tar havin' been exhausted in decoratin' superfluous Republicans a short time previous — that covered 'em from neck to heels.

"By Jam! They were so slick that they plumb slipped through the clutches of everybody when they were set to runnin', and escaped in the general direction of Novy Scoshy at a rapid gallop. Eh-yah! There ain't no doubt of it — you-all Nawtherners is slick!"

HIS FEAR.

FIRST CITIZEN. — I don't think women should participate in politics.

SECOND CITIZEN. — Nor I. I'm afraid it may lead to wholesale intimidation.

ENVY.

"Alas!" said the patriotic Chinaman;

"how happy we would be if we had nothing worse to worry about than the silver question, imperialism and the trusts!"

THEY SIGH IN VAIN.

"The trouble with us," said the Democratic leader, "is that in 1896 we predicted bad times and they did n't come."

"That 's it," said his colleague, sadly. "If we only had a business depression to which we could point with pride!"

A LOCAL ISSUE.

FIRST TAMMANY HEELER. — De bloke was sayin' somethin' about a stable govmint.

SECOND TAMMANY HEELER. — Well, leave dat to Croker. He'll give us a racin'-stable govmint.

SEEING THAT even Krupp armor can be penetrated by soft-headed bullets what is the matter with covering our warships with the contracts the Government makes with contractors? It seems impossible to punch holes in them.



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ANOTHER CAMERA OUTRAGE.

FIRST TRAMP. — Ever have yer picture taken, Clarence?

SECOND TRAMP. — Only wunst, an' dat wuz in a group.

FIRST TRAMP. — Who wuz de odder pleasant lookers?

SECOND TRAMP. — De cops dat wuz holdin' me.

AN INQUIRY.

"Well, you 'il see that Bryan will be after the nomination in 1904."

"Why, what does he want — a dull thud every four years?"

THE BRYAN presidential bee is no drone, but it has n't gathered much honey.



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EVIDENCE.

FIRST CHINAMAN. — Has Ah Push associated very much with the Christians?

SECOND CHINAMAN. — Oh, yes! You should hear him swear.



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SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

SHE. — Am I heavy, George?

HE. — No, dear! This is a case of "sweetness and light."

PUCK.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FULL STOMACH.

HAVING duly exposed and shuddered at the ancient wiles of the enemy, Mr. Bryan has unearthed a new plot which, for heartless cunning, surpasses even the crime of '73. It is nothing less than a scheme to brutalize the workingman, to kill his longings for the higher culture, by drugging him with food. If the enemy had not bragged so much about the "full dinner-pail" the crime might have gone undetected. But the enemy did brag most offensively, and the full dinner-pail was incontestably no phantom. So Mr. Bryan took ten minutes off for thought. He really needed no more than five or six. There was the dinner-pail full in flagrant refutation of his prophecy of 1896 that it would be empty. He saw the plot at once, and he is now arraigning the enemy with a noble scorn of all such base stuff as food and clothing. In his loftiest moments he reduces the late John Ruskin to a soulless glutton. Never has American labor been hailed from a higher plane. Even the Bryan of 1896 was content to base his appeals on the vulgar physical appetites, and a laborer suffering then from nothing more serious than hunger engaged his hottest sympathies. Now he becomes a transcendentalist at one graceful bound. Pointing his already overworked finger of scorn at the full dinner-pail he permits heaven thus to inspire him: "The Republican party assumes that the laboring-man is all stomach and has neither heart nor head. The Republican party assumes that the laboring-man is like the hog that squeals when it is hungry and sleeps when it is full. The laboring-man has more than appetite. The laboring-man, made in the image of his Creator, wants more than a full dinner-pail and a place to sleep."

Now, possibly this state of affairs is disgraceful. We began to suspect ages ago that the end of life is not to eat and to keep warm. But is it not true that these processes, ignoble as ends, must necessarily precede

anything noble? May there not be some connection between the higher civilization and the ease with which man may fill his stomach and warm his back, some such subtle connection as is said to exist between a ship's supply of coal and the turning of its propeller? One or two philosophers, at any rate, have boldly hinted as much. Indeed, we have yet to be apprised that Mr. Bryan himself gathers strength for his labors by fasting. We can not, in fact, learn that he has missed a single meal since the campaign opened. Humiliating though it may be, we are obliged to conclude that the full stomach and the warm back are still supreme issues; and that they will remain so until Mr. Bryan defines more precisely just what the glorious things are that he would have us starve and freeze for. Mr. Bryan insists that the laboring man has a heart and a head in addition to his stomach. But, so long as the enemy continues to reach his heart through his stomach, Mr. Bryan will have hard work to reach his head by any shorter route.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

FOR THE cheering of those who are prone to gloom, let us dive into the dead sea of the past and fetch up a couple of pearls:

"Resolved, That the administration of ———, by its usurpations, its disregard of the Constitution, its violation of personal liberty and State rights, its resort to military power to subvert civil authority, its temporizing and cowardly degradation of the nation in its foreign policy, its perversion of the war from its original object, and its avowed determination to prolong it, has become revolutionary in its character."

That is a nice little bit to recall when the Democratic orator tearfully invokes "the shade of the martyred Lincoln" to do a shuddering duet with him over the infamies of the present administration. The name omitted from the above quotation is "Abraham Lincoln," the same Lincoln that now brings tears to the voices of all good Democrats. The lines quoted are from the platform of the Democratic State Convention adopted at Albany, N. Y., September 15th, 1864. And here is the other pearl:

"Are you a laborer? The re-election of Mr. Lincoln will, as surely as you live, not only close up the ways by which you hope to find employment, but put the price of food and clothing and every necessary of life so far beyond your reach that your wages will scarce suffice to keep you from starvation."—*New York World*, Nov. 8th, 1864.

A few years from now the party of attack will look upon its present deliverances as it now looks upon its scorings of Lincoln. It will be declaiming proudly and pathetically of the heroic soldier-dead in Cuba and the Philippines—perhaps of the "martyred Lawton." It will have forgotten by then that Lawton, referring to its present attitude shortly before his death, declared: "If I am killed it might as well be by a bullet from one of my own men." In short, it will be eulogizing the men and the measures that it now so bitterly condemns.

Let us learn from this, dearly beloved, that names may change and issues come and go; but that what is commonly known as "guff" was made changeless forever in the great beginning.

A MODERN HERO.

MARK TWAIN.



MEET HIM with acclamation,
Crown him with verdant bays,
Get up a jubilation
And banquet, for his praise!
This is the greatest hero
We've celebrated yet:
His fortune fell to zero,
Still he paid every debt.

At times he was a winner,
And then, again, he'd lose.
Your ordinary sinner
Would shirk his I. O. U.'s.
But, like an honest gambler
Who stands for all he bets,
This literary rambler
Came home and paid his debts.

Would you or I have done it,
If for a pile we'd played,
And lost? (If we had won it,
Why, then, we might have paid.)
A statesman, saint, or fighter,
The world may soon forget;
But not the comic writer
Who nobly pays a debt.

Children of future ages
Shall laurel'd names compare,
Reading in history's pages
This tale of virtue rare.
Think of our country's glories,
When a man such homage gets—
O tempora! O mores!
Because he pays his debts.

Henry Tyrrell.

AT HEADQUARTERS.

"You say this is a conservative estimate?" inquired the reporter.
"Young man," said the campaign prophet, solemnly, "I never issue any other kind."

A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

FIRST POPULIST.—Now, when Bryan is President, he'll destroy the trusts, put an end to expansion an' give us free silver.
SECOND POPULIST.—Gee whiz! but what'll we do for a paramount issue in 1904?



DANGEROUS.

THE OFFICE BOY.—I was 'inkin' of lookin' fer another job.
THE MESSENGER.—You better look out! You might git one where you'd have to work.



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"HALT!"

PUCK.



JOTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"HALT!"

THE INWARD NEMESIS.

"LIKE YOU," said the Chinese statesman, "I believe that the miscreants who planned the outrages should be severely punished."
 "But how would you punish them?" asked the European.
 "We are told," said the Oriental, "that there is nothing more poignant than the pangs of remorse. What say you if we leave them to their own guilty consciences?"
 But the Caucasian intimated that he would prepare a counter-proposition.

OLFUL!

There was a gay girl who played golf,
 With her hat tossed coquettishly off.
 She got caught in the rain,
 And I mention with pain
 That she now has a horrible colf.

DOUBT.

FIRST SOUTHERNER.—From what I heah, sah, they kin mob an' lynch niggers in the North as well as we kin.
 SECOND SOUTHERNER.—Yes, sah! I don't know whether we 've been quite justified in our feeling of superiority.

BEFORE HE LEFT PEKIN.

"The Empire," said his friend, "may still be preserved intact."
 "Quite so," replied Prince Tuan; "but the question is, if the Allies get hold of me, will I be preserved intact?"

WHEELER.—Is Limberjaws a good campaigner?
 HEELER.—Simply wonderful! He can say nothing in more different ways than any man in the Union,

A VESTED RIGHT.

"Let's see; your father was a veteran of the Mexican War."
 "Yepee!"
 "And you are a veteran of the Civil War."
 "Yes, siree!"
 "And your son is a veteran of the Spanish War."
 "You bet!"
 "I wonder what war his son will be a veteran of."
 "I dunno. But there's got to be somethin', or how'll he get a pension?"

IN THE hands of the campaign prophet, mathematics is very far from an exact science.

DON'T CELEBRATE too elaborately the arrival of Prosperity, or you may scare it off.

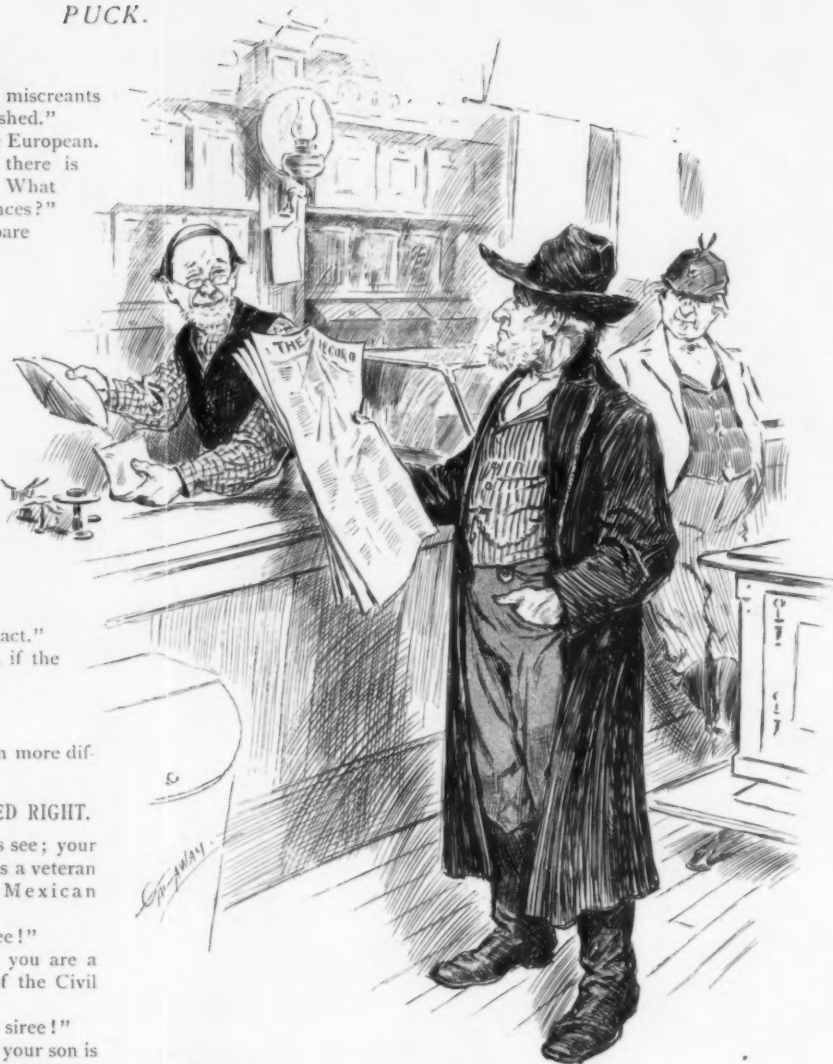
SENATOR HOAR has not bowed to the inevitable by any means; he has simply consented to look the other way until after election.

THE REPUBLICAN party has a right to feel some confidence in the wheels of its 1900 bicycle, particularly the rear or driving-wheel; but the circumstances justify no "hands-off" riding.



DOING HIS BEST.

MRS. FADALLBY.—Yes; I'm going to the club.
 HER HUSBAND.—As you please, Maud; but I'm sure I'm doing all I can to make home attractive!



TRANSLATED.

UNCLE JOSH (reading paper).—An' what do they mean by sayin' "The difference is purely academic?"
 UNCLE HIRAM.—They mean that it don't amount to shucks.

THE SITUATION.

"The Powers, then, are not absolutely harmonious," said the First Boss Boxer, as they journeyed rapidly into the interior.
 "No," said the Second Boss Boxer. "The Kaiser wants to punish us right away, while some of the others are willing to wait until they catch us."

A FIELD FOR THE IMAGINATION.

MRS. FUSSINGGE.—All sorts of stories are going around about the Spilkinks.
 MRS. SNOOP.—No wonder! They've been living in the neighborhood a month and nobody knows anything about them.

IF WE understand the Mugwump, he is chiefly scandalized because the political pot is n't a chafing-dish.

NORTH CAROLINA seems to think that the consent of the governed need not necessarily begin at home

SPEAKING of Mr. W. W. Astor, a man without a country is in a particularly bad way if he is also without horse-sense.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT doubtless felt that it was unnecessary to use good Presidential timber in making a Vice-President.

IT MUST be confessed that the White Man sometimes adds to his burden by holding up the Other Man and forcibly appropriating his burden.





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THE RESULT.

CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS.—How did the manager come out in his fight with the tattooed man last night?
HUMAN SNAKE.—Oh! his curiosity got the best of him.

CIVIC COLORS.

WARWICK.—Yes; it's Burroughs, of New York, and Blacksmoke, of Chicago. They've been disputing for an hour about Chicago and New York.
WICKWIRE.—I supposed the census had settled that matter.
WARWICK.—Oh! they both admit that New York has twice the population of Chicago, but Blacksmoke claims that Chicago has Sunday papers fully as yellow as any in New York.

A DISAGREEABLE FEATURE OF YACHTING.

THE LANDSMAN.—Well, I suppose the yachting season is over.
THE YACHTSMAN.—Oh! I don't know;—the bills have not stopped coming in yet.

PATIENCE REQUIRED.

"China," replied the European statesman, "is distressingly slow."
"True," replied his friend; "but we can't expect her to go to pieces with Western rapidity."

"SAVING THE COUNTRY."

"A Presidential election costs a lot of money."
"I should say so! So far as the country is concerned, salvation is not free."

NOT AN OPTIMIST.

"The Rev. Mr. Brimstone," observed Satan, "is not hopeful of the final result."
"No," replied his confidential imp. "I notice that he concedes us an overwhelming majority."

BOXERS AND BOXERS.

"Cast the beam out of thine own eye!" cried the Chinese Boxers.
"The Horton law expired September first!" we retorted with all the dignity we were able to summon.

THE PARAMOUNT issue is naturally the hole that's easiest to crawl out of.

THE CONSTITUTION may or may not follow the flag, but the office-seeker almost gets there ahead of it.

FORTUNATE IS the American boy. He may be made President, and he can't be made Vice-President without his consent.

THERE IS every reason to believe that the Chinese are just as peculiar as other people.

"THE VOICE of the people," mused the boss, "goes in one ear and out of the other."

THE LABORER is worthy of his hire—in which respect he differs from some of the labor leaders.

WHAT A DULL and uninteresting person the campaign prophet would be if he never prophesied unless he knew!

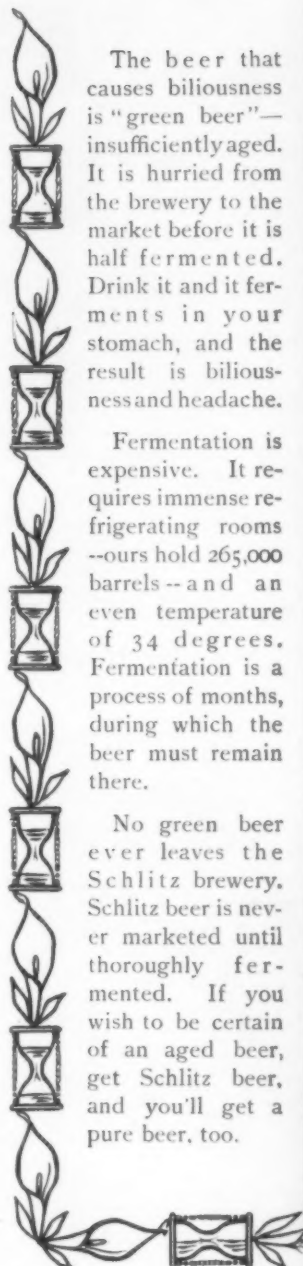


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IMPRESSION CONFIRMED.

THE RABBIT.—There, now! I always did think guns were dangerous!

Schlitz BEER
IS
OLD BEER



The beer that causes biliousness is "green beer"—insufficiently aged. It is hurried from the brewery to the market before it is half fermented. Drink it and it ferments in your stomach, and the result is biliousness and headache.

Fermentation is expensive. It requires immense refrigerating rooms—ours hold 265,000 barrels—and an even temperature of 34 degrees. Fermentation is a process of months, during which the beer must remain there.

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ASSETS,	\$29,046,737.45
LIABILITIES,	24,926,280.61
EXCESS (3½ % basis),	4,120,456.84

GAINS: 6 months, January to July, 1900.

IN ASSETS,	\$1,286,225.89
INCREASE IN RESERVES (both Dept's),	1,128,534.12
PREMIUMS, INTEREST, and RENTS, 6 months,	4,055,985.62

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Mention this Journal, as Adv. is inserted as our Contribution.

WHEN a man is considered to be very clever, his wife thinks that his greatest exhibition of cleverness was in picking her out to marry him.—*Atchison Globe*.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
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A STUDIED DEMONSTRATION.

"It is nonsense," exclaimed Mr. Meekton, "for anybody to assert that I don't dare say my soul is my own!"

He glared defiantly, and continued:

"I do say it! 'My soul is my own.' There! I hope that is perfectly intelligible and satisfactory."

"What's the matter?" inquired the friend.

"I'm doing this to please Henrietta," answered Mr. Meekton, quieting down to a confidential tone. "If you get an opportunity, just let her know what I've been saying. Somebody told her I did n't dare say my soul was my own, and it made her so wildly indignant that I thought I ought to do something to pacify her."—*Washington Star*.



PROBABLY SO.

UNCLE (severely).—When I was your age I always stood at the head of my class!
SAM.—What a chump you must have been at foot-ball!

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the wine for Americans. Its purity and bouquet commend it to them.

Bright face, sparkling eye and elastic step—all follow the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers. Get only the genuine.

WORTH PRESERVING.

BORROUGHS.—Sorry to have kept you waiting so long for that fiver I owe you, but I'll send you a check to-morrow.

MARKLEY.—For Goodness' sake, don't!

BORROUGHS.—Why not?

MARKLEY.—Because I'd be tempted to throw in another fiver for a frame for it.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA.
CHICAGO, 1893.

ARROW ON EVERY CIGAR.
Trade Mark.



Write us for Sample Box of 12, \$1.00; Box of 100, \$7.50.

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL

Paris Exposition, 1900, for purity of tobacco and excellence of make. A fragrant, high-grade cigar. If you smoke them, you will buy them again. Further information furnished dealers on application.
JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.



To a cocktail or any drink in which whisky is used

"Canadian Club"

adds a zest that is decidedly pleasing and satisfactory. The addition of other ingredients does not destroy the delightful flavour and aroma which distinguish "Canadian Club" Whisky. ♡ ♡ ♡

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GRATEFUL ITALIANS.

BRIDGET.—Sure, phwy do thim Oital-yons be makin' ready to cilibrate Columbus?

PATRICK.—It's history ye shud study, Biddy. Columbus landed in th' West Indies and discovered banannies.—*New York Weekly*.

CHICAGO AND WEST—LAKE SHORE LIMITED—The New York Central.

EVANS' ALE and STOUT



Are bottled at the brewery, which insures their purity.

Only one grade bottled, and that the highest. All dealers have them.

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Cotton 25c.

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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I lay, so weak and weary,
So beset by indigestion that the greatest pains I bore,
Suddenly the thought presented—surely this can be prevented.
Otherwise I'll be demented, if I suffer any more—
Then I took a Ripans Tabule, which I should have done before—
My distress was quickly o'er!

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils. Guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



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ART COMPULSION.

FIRST ARTIST.—I see Dauber has taken his wife as a model for one of his angels.

SECOND ARTIST.—Yes; she'd snatch him bald if he did n't.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

ONCE more the drama season comes—
To fiddles, clarionets and drums;
Despairing maiden will appeal
To Villain, with his heart of steel.

Indianapolis News.

RECOGNIZED HIM.

MRS. CASEY (*reading war news*).—Wan soldjer wor morthal wounded, an' his lasht words wor, "Gimme whiskey."

MRS. DOLAN (*whose husband is at the front*).—Hivin hilp me fatherless childer; thot wor Pat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

EVERY girl of sixteen has so many important secrets with her girl friends that she longs for a cipher when she talks to them over the telephone.—*Atchison Globe.*



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AN IMPLICATION.

WALKER FARR (*the tragedian*).—I began my starring tour three weeks ago.
FRIEND.—That so? What are you doing now?

CHEAP NOTORIETY.

"Bumberly put on a shirt-waist and an hour afterwards was put out of the best restaurant in town."

"Yes?"

"All he went in for was a match."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HIS PROSPECTS.

DEMOCRAT.—The name of your candidate for State Treasurer sounds something like Barnum.

REPUBLICAN.—It's not unlike Barnum.

DEMOCRAT.—He differs from the late Barnum in one important particular, though. He has n't "the greatest show on earth."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WOMEN know each other's baby cabs as well as horsemen know their neighbor's horses.—*Washington Democrat.*

ABOVE ALL OTHERS



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ROCHESTER, N.Y.
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Do you grasp that? Custom-made—perfect in every feature of fit, form, and finish—but all ready to put on, and hardly half the price a tailor charges. Don't understand it? Well, it will pay you to understand it, for it's easy to have a complete wardrobe—Business Suit, Frock, Full-Dress, Tuxedo, and Prince Albert, light and heavy overcoat, ulster, and rain coat—if you wear L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.'S Clothing. We make them all and make them easy for you to get. Look for the label; if the dealer cannot show it, write to us. The Eagle in German "Adler" is what you should remember when you go to ask. L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1860), Rochester, N. Y.

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MAKERS

"No," said the industrious man, "I did n't get much encouragement in my talk about a holiday. I met my employer just as he was coming home laden with golf sticks and various other kinds of luggage, and accompanied by his family of four girls and a small boy. I told him I thought I needed a rest."

"What did he do?"

"He looked at me hard for half a minute, and then exclaimed: 'I don't see why you should want a rest. You have n't been away on any vacation.'"—*Washington Star*.

THE GUARD.—This man has been here for thirty-two years.

THE LADY.—My poor man, would you like to ask us any question of the outside world?

THE PRISONER.—Have yer got any chewin' tobacco? — *Indianapolis News*.

AT THE LINKS.

"Vell, Isaacs vos not so good a golf blayer as he vos a peezyne man."

"You bet not! He don't foozle much in his peezyne!"

EVEN WITH CURRENT EVENTS.

"Your 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' seems like a brand-new play."

"Of course; we've fixed it up so Eliza crosses the ice on an automobile, chased by a lot of Boxers." — *Detroit Free Press*.

EVERY girl in love tells enough of her family affairs to her young man to give him the impression that on his wedding night, he will be a knight errant rescuing a damsel in distress. — *Atchison Globe*.

"HA! HA! Villain!" exclaimed the hero in the drama, "Unhand her!" And the villain immediately drew four aces and a king from her sleeve. — *Norristown Herald*.

AS TRASHY literature as most folks read, it was really not worth while to teach them how to read. — *Washington Democrat*.

THE dowager Empress of China is only stirring around in an attempt to get up plans for proving an alibi. — *Indianapolis News*.

AN ATLANTA man has been fined \$5 for digging in his garden on Sunday. Served him right. He should have been playing golf. — *Washington Post*.



A PHILOSOPHER.

"Fo' mahself, I like turkey better 'n chicking," said the first deacon.

"So do I," said the second deacon, rather absent-mindedly; "but we must be satisfied wif whatever we find in de coop."

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Your Wife and Children

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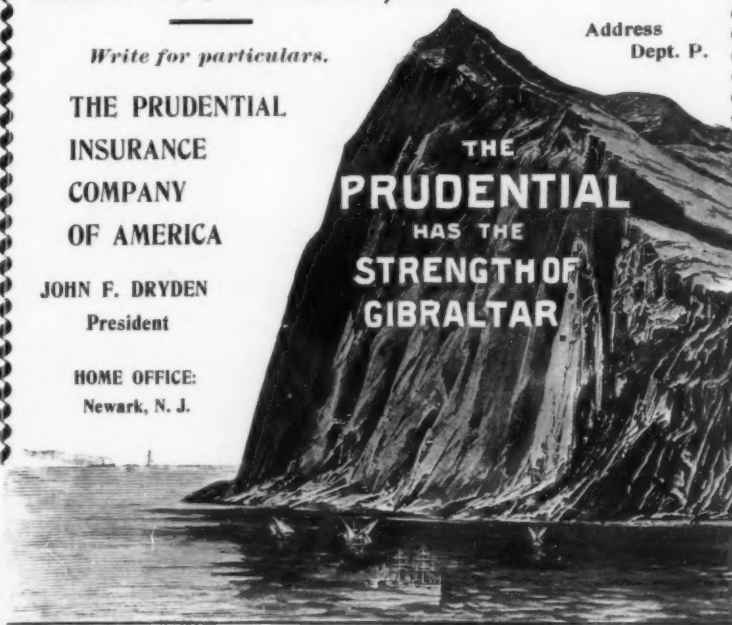
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Grand Prix, Paris Exposition, 1900.

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No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory.

Odorous of Liberty trade-mark ace on every pack.

"HAVE you got a short story for to-day?" said the editor.

"Yes," replied the exchange editor, just coming into the sanctum; "I'm dead-broke." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

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PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900

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DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY is distilled and bottled by Messrs. JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD., at their distilleries, PERTH, SCOTLAND, under the supervision of HER MAJESTY'S EXCISE OFFICERS.

NEARING THE END.

"I thought you said the war in the Philippines was practically over."

"Well?"

"Well, I see in the paper this morning that our troops routed a detachment of the enemy and killed one hundred of them."

"My boy, that makes it still more practically over, does n't it?" — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

Buffet Cocktails and Cordials

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Gold Medal

at Paris Exposition
over all competitors.

Rheinstrom, Bettman,
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Cincinnati, Ohio.

EVIDENCE OF GENIUS.

"My wife," said Mr. Snickers, "is a truly remarkable woman."

"We all know that," we said; "but do you wish to specify?"

"Yes, sir. She wrote and sold a story the other day, and she spent only once the money she expected to receive for it." — *Harper's Bazar.*

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AMERICAN BICYCLES AT THE
PARIS EXPOSITION.

Another grand prix of the French Exposition has been awarded to American industry. The American Bicycle Company has taken the premier award for bicycles, and a large number of lesser prizes for prominence in particular features.

One feature of the Paris Exposition which naturally pleased American visitors is the fact that the exhibit of American bicycles is superior to anything of the kind ever attempted before. This was amply testified to by several of the visitors who had attended other universal exhibitions. It must have been evident to the most casual observer that the American bicycle is far superior in lightness, elegance, strength and simplicity of design and construction to the wheels of any other country. I was particularly careful to compare the German wheels with our own, because of a recent assertion, since disproved, that the American wheels lost by comparison with the foreign product. When seen on the floor of the Exposition, I believe any fair-minded observer would instantly confess the superiority of the American product, even leaving out of the question the saving in weight, which is markedly in favor of the American wheel.

One reason why the exhibit of the American bicycle this year was remarkable, is the assembling in one hall and under one management of so large a number of leading American makes. The American Bicycle Company has its building in the Vincennes section of the Exposition. It is a very beautiful building, both exteriorly and interiorly and the arrangement and grouping of the bicycles is very effective.



HIS DIAGNOSIS.

TEACHER.—Suppose you had one pound of candy and gave two-thirds to your little sister and one-fourth to your little brother, what would you have yourself?

SCHOLAR.—Well, I guess I'd have the measles or something so's I would n't feel much like eating!

The victims of next winter's epidemic of gripe those whose systems have not recovered from exhaustion of summer. Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, great South American tonic for weak people.

Every form of nervous depression, every disorder of the stomach, quickly yields to the influence of Sarsaparilla.

WHEN a cut-glass atomizer gets out of order, it has to be kept from generation to generation as an ornament. — *Atchison Globe.*

PUCK.

AT THE CIRCUS.

My Pa, he goes to the circus
Just so us kids can go;
For he's too old;—but, gracious!
Us kids enjoy it so!
Pa says that he's mighty busy
With lots of things to do,
But he *must* take us. I think he's
A dandy Pa, don't you?

And he puts the elephant's trunk, sir,
And he ain't a bit afraid!
And he gets us kids some popcorn
And colored lemonade;
And he buys himself some peanuts
To keep us company—Gee!
He does n't 'specially like 'em,
But he's polite, you see!

He shows the 'nag'rie to us
And 'splains each bird and beast;
For, My! I guess he's seen 'em
A million times, at least.
And we climb over the benches
('Look out!' he says; 'don't fall!')
Until he calls: "I reckon
From here you'll see it all!"

Pa laughs at the clown like sixty,
And cries: "Well, I declare!"
And once he said: "Now, Willy,
I think *that's* a pretty fair!"
But I heard him tell our preacher
It was n't to see the *nag*
He went; he felt he *ought* to—
Us kids enjoyed it so.

Edwin L. Sabin.

